"LET ME KISS HIM FOR HIS MOTHER!"

Words by
W. W. FOSDICK

Music by
W. C. PETERS.

Piano

Guitar

HARGOTT & FORBRIGER LITH. CIN.O.

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To J. C. Barlow, Esq.

"LET ME KISS HIM FOR HIS MOTHER!"

Words by W. W. Fosdick, Esq. Music by W. C. Peters.

During the prevalence of the Yellow Fever in New Orleans, a young man from one of the Eastern States was stricken down with the fatal malady. In his delirium he called imploringly for his Mother. An aged and kind Matron, on being informed of the youth's wishes, glided softly to his bedside, laid hor hand gently on his brow, and exclaimed, "Let *me* kiss him for his Mother." Alas, the vital spark had fled. He died and was buried among strangers, in a strange land.

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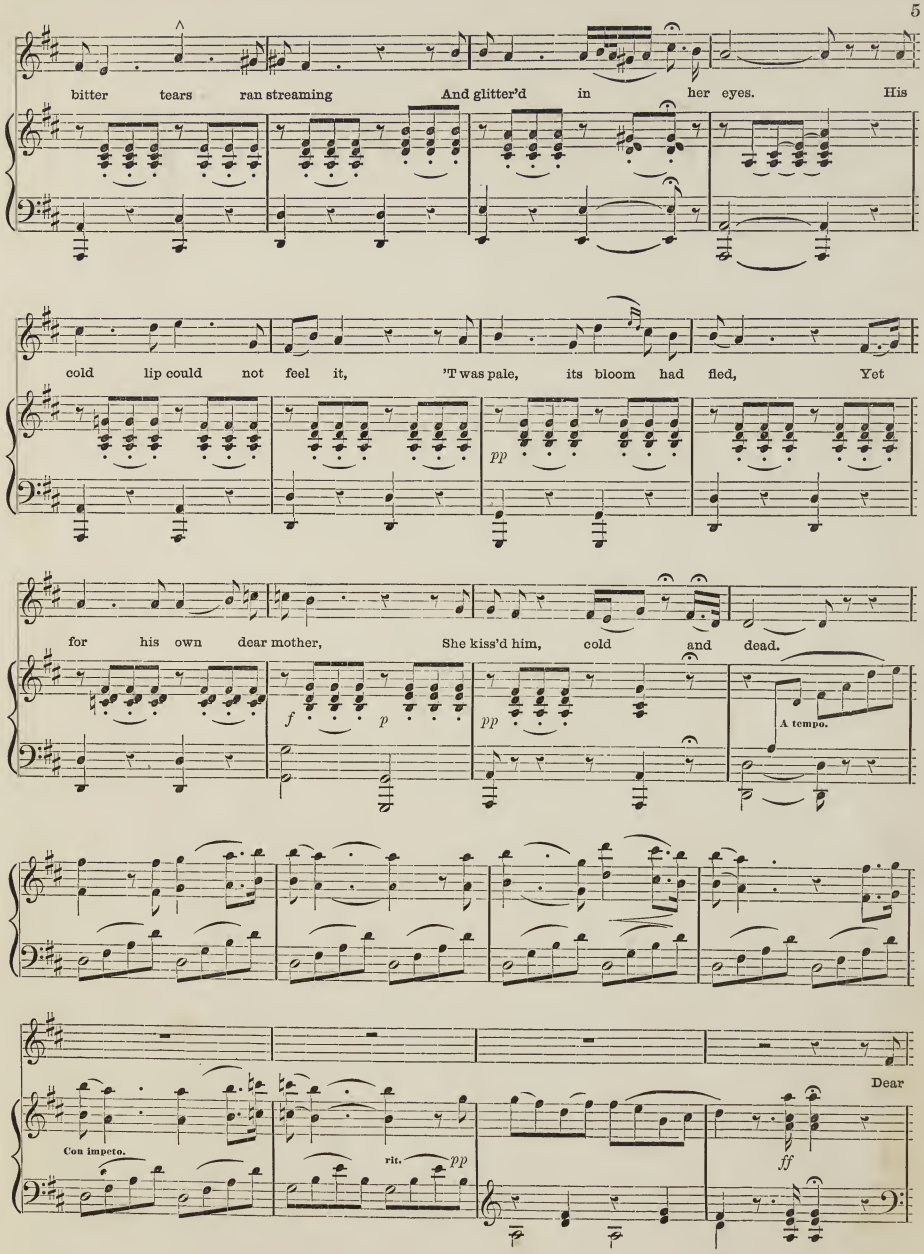
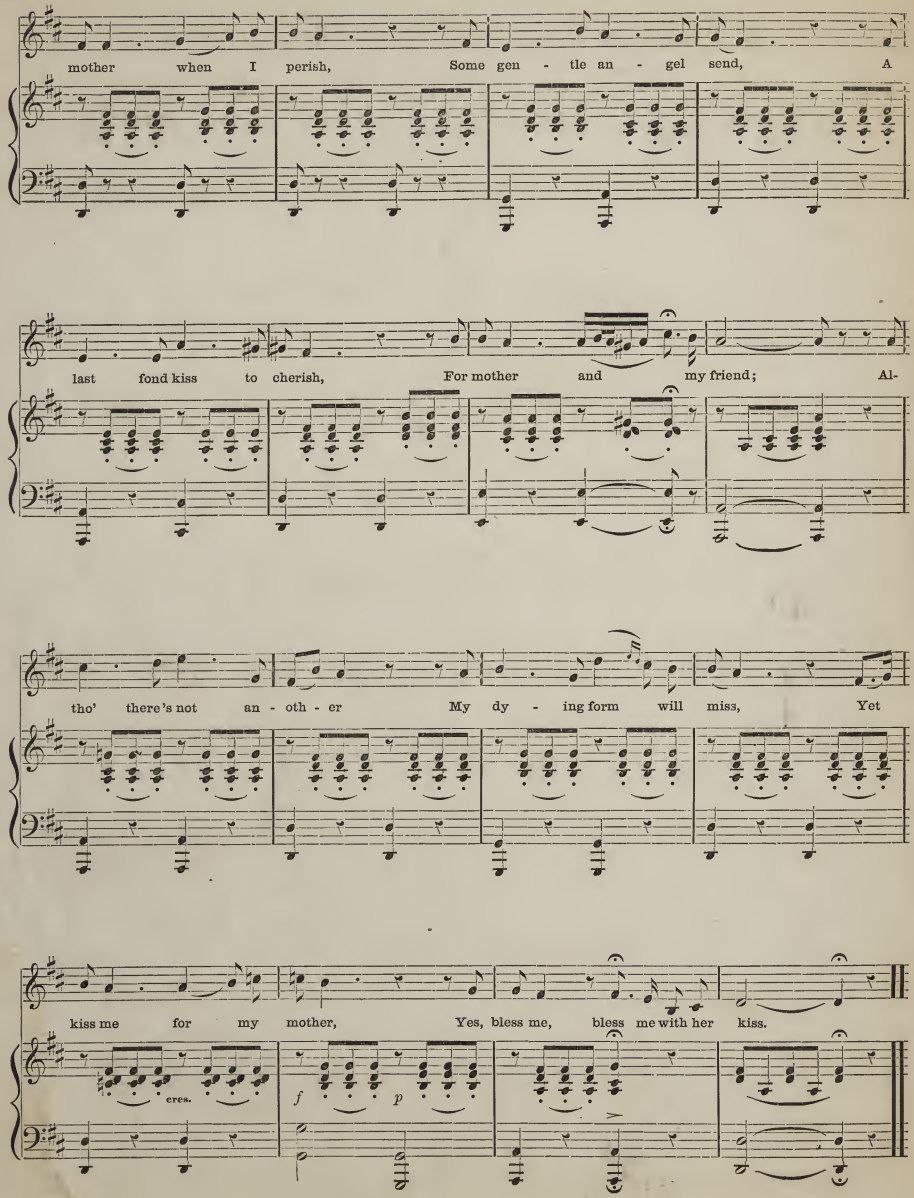
Dolcissimo.
Calore.
wept by a - - ny oth - er, One kind - ly ma - tron said, "Let me
Cres - - - -
pp
Con impeto. Cres.
Ritenuto.
Ad lib.
A tempo.
kiss him for his mother," One last kiss, lo! he's dead.
oca - - - do.
f p
A tempo.
I'll
Con impeto.
rit. pp
p
kiss him for his mother, The gen - tle ma - - tron cries; As


bitter tears ran streaming And glitter'd in her eyes. His
cold lip could not feel it, 'T was pale, its bloom had fled, Yet
pp
for his own dear mother, She kiss'd him, cold and dead.
f
p
pp
A tempo.
Dear
Con impeto.
rit.
pp
ff


mother when I perish, Some gen - tle an - gel send, A
last fond kiss to cherish, For mother and my friend; Al-
tho' there's not an - oth - er My dy - ing form will miss, Yet
kiss me for my mother, Yes, bless me, bless me with her kiss.
cres.
f
p